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THE PROGRESS OF HONESTY:

OR, A

VIEW

OF THE

COURT and CITY.

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I.

ONE Summer Evening, when the wearied Sun
Was haſt'ning to go down,
And dewy *Thetis* th' Ocean did inſpire
With gentle Calms to court his am'rous Fire,
I left the buſy Town,
To entertain my Thoughts one Hour alone;
The Winds to their deep Caverns did retreat,
And only a cool Breeze
Did ſoftly kiſs the Trees,
To temper the paſt Day's unruly Heat.
A Time it was, when Nature ſeem'd t' imploy
Herſelf in general Joy,
And every Thing was pleas'd in th' Heavens, Earth and Seas;

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The wanton Fiſhes danc'd within their Streams;
The Beaſts, unyok'd from Teams,
Ran lowing to the diſtant Mead,
To greet their much-lov'd Mates to ſport and feed;
And on each lofty Tree, or covert Buſh,
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale and Thruſh,
Did in their chirping Language ſing
Long Lays of Love, and of the ſmiling Spring;
Of ſcatter'd Grain near ſome rich Farmer's Houſe;
And of their Miſſes Vows;
Of Snares, and dangerous Lime-twigs, then began,
That oft their Friends trapan;
Here, in joint Invectives, they long Diviſions ran,
And curſt th' unnat'ral Craft of ſilly, yet conceited, Man.

II.

In the dark Center of a lonely Grove,
For Melancholly fram'd, and Love,
A Rock there ſtands, that props th' adjacent Hill,
Craggy and moſſy, made by unknown Skill;
Of wond'rous Height and Magnitude,
Impenetrable Stone and rude;
From whoſe aſpiring Top, in Streams did pour
Swift Cataracts, whoſe Fall and dreadful Roar
Wonder and Terror bore.
Here Nature, the wild Manſion to adorn,
Its hollow Sides had into Conduits worn;
Whoſe Depth and Bottom none did ever ſee
But only God and ſhe.
'Twas here her private Storehouſe ſhe did keep;
Here mighty Treaſures heap;
Safe as in *Neptune*'s Cloſet of the Deep.
I, much delighted with the cool Receſs
Of this enchanting Place,
Laid myſelf down to reſt, and meditate,
Upon the World's, and my uncertain State;
And all the Prodigies of Fate:
When a kind Eccho near me drew,
A Voice methought I knew;

And ſo it was, for when again it ſpoke,
As I look'd tow'rds the fartheſt Side o' th' Rock,
I ſaw two Perſons; one was ſad and mute,
Whilſt t'other awfully held grave Diſpute;
Whom, when he did diſcloſe himſelf to View;
To be my good old Friend I knew.

III.

A wond'rous Man, born of cœleſtial Race,
The Beams of Honour, Virtue, Grace,
Shone in his comely reverend Face;
On which you might perceive,
Many a ſmarting Wound and Scar,
He for his King and Country had receiv'd,
In bloody Field and loyal War:
Reward for which he ne'er ignobly ſought;
But the Oblivion of his Merit thought
His own Misfortune, not his Prince's Fault.
About his Neck a golden Medal hung,
Which he had gain'd when young:
A *Cæſar's* Figure there was coin'd, which he
With his own Hand had given, the Badge of Loyalty:
Yet ne'er could Fame ſully his Conſtancy
With an ungen'rous Pride;
His Heart was humble, full of Modeſty
As Virgin Infancy;
Plain were his Thoughts, ne'er taught the tedious Rules,
By Pedant Fools,
Of humming Colleges, or buzzing Schools;
Yet by the Vigour of his Wit could reach
The Depth of Nature's Myſteries, and preach
All Morals, wiſe Philoſophy could teach.
None, ſure, was e're renown'd as he,
Religious, good, of heavenly Pedigree,
Ador'd by all the virtuous World, his Name was HONESTY.

IV.

The other was his Son; 'twas ſtrange to ſee
Such bitter Fruit ſpring from ſo good a Tree:
Vicious and vain he was, a wanton Youth,
That wandered from the Truth;
Treading in ſlippery Paths, raſh ERROR was his Name:
Never the Heir to his great Father's Fame,
But of his Mother FRAILTY's Shame.
His Eyes, the flaming Tapers of Reproach,
Kindled at ſome late Debauch,
Look'd glowing Red, and on his Fleſh was ſeen
Some Marks of Wounds; but not ſuch as had been
The Scars of Honour, but of Infamy:
The Effects of Wine, Night Brawls, Temerity;
When for ſuburbian Jilt he fought, and ſhe
Moſt impudently ſwore,
He ſole enjoy'd the *Indies* that ſhe bore;
Yet the ſalacious Whore
Was, at that Hour, engag'd to Fifty more.
His Pockets ſwell'd with Challenges and News,
Laſcivious Pamphlets, Billet Deuxs,
And Tickets from the Beldames of the Stews.
Deaf to Reproof he was, and hugg'd his Crimes,
A modiſh Fop, a Creature of the Times;
One that could flatter every golden Clod,
And call my ſpindle Lord, that made him drunk, his God;
Adore the reverend wrinkled Lady Quaint,
And ſwear ſhe's more cœleſtial than a Saint;
Proteſt not *Venus* Doves had been
White as her Face and Skin,
Tho' he could ſee no Part of it for Paint:
Stubborn as *Eli*'s Sons, or *Jacob*'s envious Brood;
Stranger to wiſe Men, and a Foe to Good;
And, moſt ungrateful Wretch, his Father lov'd
The leſs, 'cauſe he his Crimes reprov'd,
And held the Mirrour up, to ſhew how wide from *Truth* he rov'd.

But as the Eternal does his Mercies ſhow,
And grant Remiſſion here below
To Mortals that rebellious grow.
Thus proving divine Myſtery,
And that to live from Paſſions free
Is the ſole Province of the Deity.
The reverend Sire, after a Stream had run,
From his Eyes, aged Fountains, thus begun
To pity and inſtruct his juſt precipitating Son.

V.

Where wilt thou fall? Ah! why thy ſelf deſtroy?
Raſh, heedleſs Boy,
Why do'ſt thou ſnatch at a deluding Bait,
That draws thee to thy Fate?
O thou Unfortunate!
Look here, and borrow thy old Father's Eye;
Look well, and thro' this Perſpective thou'lt ſpy
The World dreſt in her Vanity.
See here *Ambition*, plotting how to climb
Up to a Seat ſublime;
And now aloud reſounds her Fame,
Now like a Meteor does ſhe flame,
Whilſt all the Air is fill'd with Ecchoes of her Name:
But ſee, the Wheel of Chance is turn'd,
And, what was ſo admir'd, is ſcorn'd;
The blazing Comet ſhines not, that before
Enlightned the Horizon o'er,
The Exhalation's ſpent and ſeen no more.
See there where *Faction*, with her hundred Hands,
And Treaſons numerous as Sands,
Impious, tho' old, ſtands preaching on a Tree,
Stirring the long-ear'd Rout to Mutiny;
From Infancy a Traytreſs known,
One that would fight for Conſcience, but had none:
Hark how the Rabble ſhout; that ecchoing Cry
Portends the Downfal of ſome Kingdom nigh.
Some Monarch now
Perforce muſt bow
To brutiſh Ignorance, pretended Zeal.

Next turn thy Eye, and view *Religion*'s State,
And there, perhaps, thou'lt find, too late,
The canting Paraſite blind *Fortune* ſerves,
Whilſt the truly Pious ſtarves:
'Tis the ſly Fleer, and ſupple Knee, unties
The Purſe of gouty Avarice;
And we may boldly now declare,
The Clergy thrive by Flattery, more than Prayer:
See how that reverend Doctor vails his Cap
To yon prophane Court Ape;
Sure he has ſome great Suit to beg,
That thus he ſneaks and ſcrapes a Leg,
Whilſt t'other proudly keeps him bare: Thus we may ſee
Learning's the Foot-ſtool of Court Vanity.

VI.

See next where *Beauty* comes, Parent of darling Sin,
That charming Dæmon of the Skin;
That Victor which great Monarchs rules;
That Paradiſe of loving Fools;
That gets more Souls
Than Heaven, and all its Miracles, can win.
That Soul of Joy, that Tyrant o'er the Blood,
That Bleſſing, yet a Curſe; tho' heavenly, yet not good;
That potent Power, which, with reſiſtleſs Art,
Reigns all in all, and all in every Part.
O how ſhe ſhines, and does her Nets prepare,
Look how they crowd into her Snare,
And think eternal Bliſs is there;
'Till Sickneſs ſhades the glaring Light,
Then, what they once thought bright,
Appears a horrid Spectre, hideous to the Sight.
But theſe Remarks, fond Boy, are few,
Search Nature through,
And thou ſhalt find a Thouſand new:
A ſtrange Viciſſitude of Things,
From Peaſants e'en to Kings.
Then patient *Merit* ſhalt thou find ill us'd,
Virtue and Wit, by Ignorance abus'd;

Knowledge

Knowledge low as the Grave dejected lies;
Whilſt, in all Places, Vice doth only riſe.
In Country, City, Court, new Crimes we ſee,
A moſt unnatural Change in each Degree,
And nothing ſcorn'd, or ſlighted, more than *Honeſty*.

VII.

Thus ſpoke the good old Man with modeſt Grace,
And here a ſecond Shower apace
Fell on his Beard like Pearls, and bath'd his rev'rend Face.
But *Error*, who had, with Impatience, ſat,
And heard his Father moral Truths relate,
Like Libertines within a Temple ſhut,
Who, having no Way to get out,
Are forc'd, a while, to be devout,
With an unwilling Mind obey'd:
'Till, ſtung with Rage, to hear the Court reprov'd,
The Court he ſo much lov'd,
Raiſing his drowſy Head, this Anſwer made;
To th' Aged, Sir, whom Pleaſures court in vain,
All Pleaſure gives but Pain;
The choiceſt Banquet does but ſeem a Waſte
To one that has no Taſte;
And therefore you, whoſe worn-out Palate's grown
Paſt Help of all th' Phyſicians in the Town,
For want of Taſte, rail at that courtly Treat,
Whereof, with Joy and Appetite, we eat;
Becauſe your Stomach cannot be preſerv'd,
You wiſh all others ſtarv'd:
So th' wither'd Beldame, youthful once and gay,
That in *December* late reflects on her paſt *May*,
Miſſing, with Grief, th' Effects of Love
She formerly could prove,
Grows mad, and, with true Woman's Malice ſtung,
Hates all her Sex, and wiſhes damn'd the Beautiful and Young.
Wretched is he, replied the Sire, that tries
To make a ſenſeleſs Idiot good, or wiſe;
He cultivates, with endleſs Toil,
A barren, rocky, and unfruitful Soil;
Where Thiſtles only grow, and not one valued Grain can riſe.

Think

Think not, raſh Fool, that I the Court revile,
'Cauſe I'm not favour'd with a Smile;
Honeſty in it ſelf's rewarded more,
And is, like Charity to th' Poor,
Repaid from the eternal Store.
I only, for thy Sake,
Did ſome Reflections make,
To teach thee how the Virtuous to prefer,
Before the Rich, the Lewd, or Popular.
The Court's a ſpacious Garden, and it breeds
Both fragrant Flow'rs, and noiſome Weeds;
Hemlock and Jeſſ'mine flouriſh and ſprout forth,
As if of equal Worth;
Which, to diſtinguiſh, is well worth thy Care:
And, that my Fame thou may'ſt no more abuſe,
By pleading Ignorance for Excuſe,
In Silence give attentive Ear,
And I'll deſcribe both good and bad, in their true Character.

VIII.

Titus the ſecond reigns, he, whoſe cœleſtial Mind
Stiles him the Joy of Humankind;
So good, ſo excellent, that, cou'd there be
Another Heaven-born God and Man
Since our Great Saviour's Reign,
By the bright Hoſt above, I'd ſwear 'twas he:
In every kingly Grace he does abound;
For Wiſdom lov'd, for Clemency renown'd;
Patron of Arts, by all the Learn'd admir'd,
And ſuch as has been long deſir'd:
What Probity, to make his People bleſt,
O'erflows his gen'rous Breaſt?
What Virtue e'er did Heav'n to Man impart,
That centers not within His Royal Heart?
Or what inſpiring Rhetorick did belong
To th' old wiſe Poet's Song,
That floweth not from His melodious Tongue?
Look in His Face, and Heaven has pourtray'd there
The Grandeur that true Majeſty ſhould wear:

Awful His Brow, and terrible His Frown,
On ſuch as cloud the Luſtre of His Crown;
Yet may the Loyal, in each Feature, ſee
Such Marks of God-like Clemency,
That, whilſt they tremble, they're delighted too,
And with a ſilent Veneration view:
He loves His People, and their Faith defends,
The beſt of Maſters, and the beſt of Friends;
Patient, tho' wrong'd, to no Exceſſes giv'n;
Juſt as His Laws, and merciful as Heav'n;
His Heart is humble, tho' His Throne is high;
So firm, that Hell's worſt Plots He dares defy:
Yet ſtill a factious Crew ſuch Worth deteſt,
Still they His lov'd and dear-bought Peace moleſt,
And murmur at His Reign, tho' in it bleſt;
Like Brutes, they feed upon the Fat o'th' Land,
In Peace they live, and Nature's Store command;
Yet uſe His Bounty to no other End,
But to have Power t' offend;
Whilſt Mercy ſways, theſe Saints a War maintain,
They're never quiet, but when Tyrants reign:
And, as a ſtubborn Child, who oft has prov'd
His Mother's fond Indulgency, and Love,
Vext at ſome Trifle, ſtamps, lies down, and cries,
Blubbers and ſwells, and her Commands denies,
Until, at laſt, ſhe out of Patience grows,
And quels the little Rebel, with more pow'rful Blows:
The Factious never true Allegiance paid,
'Till conquer'd, and diſmay'd.
For, as a famous antient Bard has ſaid,
Nothing Rebellion breeds, in *Engliſh* Blood,
But too much Plenty, and a Prince too good.
But, ah! no more, fond Muſe, no more;
He needs not thy poor Praiſe, therefore give o'er:
He, like the Sun, ſhines every where ſo bright,
He wants no borrow'd Light,
Nor can be fathom'd more than thou canſt ſee
With mortal Eyes, cœleſtial Myſtery;
Or, with a Plummet, ſound, endleſs Eternity.

IX.

Next old *Hortenſio* comes, the Great, the Good,
Allied to Him in Virtues, not in Blood;
A Stateſman, for his Conſtancy renown'd,
And in myſterious Politicks profound;
Stedfaſtly fix'd, and ſettled, to his Will,
And dares do any thing, but Ill;
Smiles at his Wrongs, tho' they like *Hydras* grow;
A faithful Friend, and a moſt gen'rous Foe;
Dauntleſs in Storms, but not precipitate;
For when the *Spaniards* brav'd the *Britiſh* State,
And all Redreſs denies, by treach'rous *France*
Buoy'd up, in Inſolence and Arrogance,
His Patience wearied, he adviſes War,
And bids *Britannia* ſhake her dreadful Spear.
A loyal Councellor, of Mind ſedate;
Of Honour nice, in ev'ry Action great;
Clamours, and empty Threats, unmov'd he hears,
And, conſcious of no Ill, no Ill he fears.
His haughty Soul ne'er underſtood,
To humour the mechanick Brood.
The People like rough Waters are to him,
On which he ſwims againſt the Stream,
Reſolv'd his Country, ſpight of them, to ſave;
Or periſh in th' Attempt, and lie in Honour's Grave.

X.

Deep in a hollow, dark, and dreadful Cell,
Gloomy as the Depths of Hell,
That never ſaw a lucid Ray
Of the Sun's Face, nor cheerful Day;
But, ſhaded o'er with baleful Ivy, ſeem'd
The Haunt, of ſome curſt envious Fiend;
On whoſe Top ever ſat the ghaſtly Owl,
Shrieking her baleful Note, and horrid Howl.
Brooding of Miſchief, with malignant Scowl,

Old

Old *Diſcord* did with pale-fac'd *Faction* dwell ;
Near Neighbours, and much nearer Friends, to Hell ;
There in a Grott, where never Leaf was ſeen,
Nor any thing that's green, (been ;
But Stumps of rotten Trees, and Thorns, that long had blaſted
Faction in Darkneſs lay, his Lodging furniſh'd was,
With Ponyards, Piſtols, Daggers, many a Glaſs
With mortal liquid Subſtance fill'd,
Which Loyalty had often kill'd,
When the Sword cou'd not do't in Honour's Field.
Near this curs'd *Fury*, in Conjunction cloſe,
Plotting how to diſturb the State's Repoſe,
Sworn Enemy to all that's Great and Good,
And never ſatiate, but with Blood,
Was *Diſcord* ſeen, Companion fit and meet,
For ſuch a helliſh Fiend ! This dark Retreat,
Dark as their gloomy Purpoſes, they choſe,
Leſt Light ſhould them expoſe,
Horrid to publick View ; here they combine,
And forge their Villanies ; conſult ; debate ;
And plot the Ruin of the State :
And 'cauſe he helps ſupport it, here they join
Againſt *Hortenſio*, and revile his Name ;
Againſt his Conduct all exclaim ;
And vow to die in the Attempt, or blaſt his ſpreading Fame.
This to perform, they various Ways eſſay,
For *Patriots* ſet up, and cry aloud,
The State's in Danger : This alarms the Crowd,
That many-headed Beaſt, who, not content,
Ev'n with an Angel's Government,
Swallow the Bait, and take, for Goſpel, all they ſay.
And now the News does various Thoughts inſpire ;
Now, now the Train has taken Fire,
And ſtrait 'tis buzz'd about the Town,
That all's at Stake, and all muſt down,
To ſave *Hortenſio*'s Head : The Crowd believe,
And, as an Oracle, the Lies receive ;
Still prone to change ; join headlong in the Cry,
And now all's loſt, or old *Hortenſio* muſt die.

XI.

With this impetuous Torrent of the State,
Young *Marcian* joins, ſeduc'd of late,
So Fate ordains, and who can withſtand Fate!
Miſguided Youth return, return,
No longer let thy Friends thy Errors mourn,
Nor with the giddy Vulgar join;
But in thy proper Orb, with native Splendor, ſhine.
Curſt *Faction!* cou'd none elſe ſuffice,
But he, the Apple of our Eyes?
Born on the People's Shoulders with ſuch Pride,
As *Indian* Kings on conquer'd Princes ride?
Heaven mark'd him for uncommon Dignity;
None favour'd more, nor none more Great than he,
'Till Hell's curs'd Agents caus'd his Senſe to ſtray
Out of his once-lov'd Path, his loyal Way,
And counſell'd him to diſobey.
Hard Fate of Great ones, to be thus miſled!
In what ſad ſlipp'ry Paths they tread!
Deſtin'd to ſee with other's Eyes,
Whoſe only Aim is, by their Fall to riſe!
This *Marcian*'s Caſe, unhappy, gallant Youth!
Who wou'd not his Miſtakes deplore!
Who all their Falſhoods takes for Truth,
And plunges into Error more and more!
What tho' the Heav'ns ſhake,
With Acclamations; and, for his Sake,
Huge Piles of Wood in divers Streets they raiſe;
Whoſe mounting Flames aſpiring riſe,
As if they wou'd attempt the very Skies,
Whilſt each Mouth ſounds his Name; 'tis all but empty Praiſe;
'Tis all but Vanity, and all a Blaze.

XII.

The honeſt Wretch, who Virtue does adore,
Is certain to be poor:
A preciſe Dame, who is not to be born,
Unfaſhionable now, and laugh'd to Scorn;

A Gueſt unwelcome, whom Men treat,
As antiquated, doating, and replete,
With Maxims quite exploded, and unſound ;
Fit only People to confound :
Whilſt Flattery, Folly, Pride,
With Luſt, and Vices numberleſs beſide,
Courted in Publick, and triumphant ride.
Who'd think Man had a Share of heav'nly Grace,
That ſaw grave *Moſca* flatter for a Place ?
Or ſaw a modeſt Scholar cringe t' a Lord,
That, ſwell'd with Land and Nonſence, ſcorns t' afford
The humble Proſtitute a Word ?
Why ſhould ſtiff *Balbus*, who thro' th' gazing Rout
In Triumph rides, ſcorn his wiſe Friend on Foot ?
Who, tho' he lowly bows with humble Grace,
The purblind Puppet never turns his Face,
Nor anſwers the Salute.
But 'tis not State, nor Gold, nor gay Attire,
Can the learn'd Soul with Vanity inſpire ;
The Books he underſtands,
Make him more rich than th' other's Lands ;
He knows, tho' white and ſoft appears the Skin,
A rotten Carcaſs may be hid within :
Tho', clog'd with Lacqueys, the gilt Coach does roul,
The Fop within may be a Fool :
Tho' *Veſta* ſcour with Coach and Six abroad,
She's, in her warm Apartment, known a Bawd ;
Who thriving on the Sins o' th' Nation,
Each Minute damns herſelf in her Vocation.
Then, if this Knowledge we repeat,
And view the Chances of unconſtant Fate,
Who would be fond of being great ?
Who would on Favour e'er depend,
When none can find a truſty Friend ?
A Man that's Profit-proof, or Woman true :
Your Friend, if wanted, will ſoon weary prove ;
Your Miſtreſs, tempted, will deſert your Love.
In ſhort, ſearch the whole World around,
Truth's no where to be found.

XIII.

Happy the Man, my Son, whoſe honeſt Heart
Diſloyalty could ne'er ſubvert;
That, like a Diamond, keeps its conſtant Truſt,
As that its Beauty, free from Ruſt,
Which nothing can deſtroy, but its own Duſt;
Cheriſhing noble Loyalty,
'Till Fate ſets looſe Mortality;
And ſends him, crown'd with Virtue, to find Room
Amongſt fam'd Heroes, in ſome honour'd Tomb.
There ſleeps the Body, but the nobler Mind,
Within no Tomb confin'd,
Aſcends to Heaven, and ſhall be
Lov'd, honour'd, and eſteem'd, to late Poſterity:
Thus, like the *Arabian* Bird, who, truly wiſe,
When worn with Age, to Death for Refuge flies;
And pleas'd, in Flames expires, and dies;
Sure, from the Aſhes of his ſpicy Neſt,
Another will ariſe, of equal Charms poſſeſt;
The Man, who Loyalty does prize,
That nobleſt Virtue of the Wiſe,
To him due Praiſe will all afford,
Alive he'll be renown'd, when dead, ador'd;
Lov'd by the Pious, and the Brave;
And ſhall, like ſacred *Virgil*, have
Eternal Laurels ſpring up from his Grave.
Do but that Nation's Miſery ſurvey
That glories in her Will to diſobey;
Obſerve the Fate of that moſt wretched Thing,
Who, for his Intereſt, abjures his King;
And, with an unrelenting Eye,
Thou'lt ſee the one, with Fears diſtracted lie,
The other infamouſly die.
Would'ſt thou live well, my Son, and free from Ill,
Still let thy Conſcience ſway thy Will.
Let that and Reaſon ſtill controul,
And guide th' inconſtant Dictates of thy Soul;
Wild Paſſion, let Religion rule
And look upon an Atheiſt as a Fool:

He

He that a Deity denies
As ſome ſly Devil in Diſguiſe,
That with his helliſh Tenets would deceive
The Weak and Credulous, who will believe.
Look on thy Country's Troubles as a Friend,
And pity Faults thou canſt not mend;
But ſeek not, by unlawful Courſe,
To launce its Wounds, and make 'em worſe:
Remember *when Rebellion bloody grew,*
The Rebels with the State were ruin'd too.
To generous Ends beſtow thy Wealth.
Be temperate for the Sake of Health;
And, if amongſt Life's Chances thou doſt prove
Ever ſo mad to fall in Love,
To thy charm'd Senſe's Aid, thy Reaſon call,
Or Beauty will confound them all:
For as a Poet, whoſe free Fancy roves
In ſacred Rapture to *Elizian* Groves,
Imagines flow'ry Beds and Hills of Joy,
Where naked Angels ſleeping lie,
Builds golden Palaces, with chryſtal Pillars grac'd,
And Diamond Doors on golden Hinges plac'd,
Creates embroider'd Grotts, where *Cupids* dwell,
Adorn'd with luſcious Fruit, and Flowers of Senſe-delighting Smell:
And tho' he knows himſelf did this create,
He's fond as if 'twere true, and loves the dear Conceit:
Such beauteous Woman is, ſuch fancied ſtill,
Her Smiles can ſave, her Frowns can kill,
Her Perſon ſuch Divinity does wear,
That Taſte and Smell, and all Perfection's there.
Extatick Rapture, Tranſport all
That we *Elizium* can call:
If then in this ſoft Snare,
Her blooming Cheek, her Eye, or Hair,
Thy Heart her Priſoner ſhe retains,
And thou want'ſt Power to break the Chains;
To the great God o'th' Grape thy ſelf aſſign,
And there's a ſovereign Power in Wine;

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By Ths Durfey (?)
1st 1681

Shall give thee inſtant Liberty,
And in a Moment make thee free,
As frozen Age, or as unfeeling Infancy.
Here ſtopt the reverend Moraliſt, whoſe Look
Sufficiently confirm'd the Truths he ſpoke:
Joyful he was, to ſee his Words begun
To make Impreſſion on his Son,
Whoſe cloudy Aſpect did declare
Within his Breaſt what Paſſions were at War;
He now on bended Knee, low as the Earth,
Begs Pardon of the Author of his Birth,
For Errors paſt, and Vows to be
Henceforth the Child of his Morality.
With joyful Look, the Sire his Convert rais'd,
Thrice bleſt the kneeling Youth, and thrice embrac'd;
And as the kingly Prophet once did *Abſalom*,
Forgave his Sins of Youth, careſs'd, and brought him home.
And now the glittering God of Day
Had, through oppoſing Elements, made Way;
In *Neptune*'s deep Receſs withdrew
His Rays from mortal View;
With borrowed Beams th' inconſtant Moon
Poſſeſt his Place, and counterfeited Noon.
Laborious Nature ſeem'd at Reſt,
And ſoft Repoſe crown'd Man and Beaſt,
When to my peaceful Lodging I retir'd,
Well pleas'd at what I heard, and *Honeſty* admir'd.

F I N I S.